Luck in a Basket:

OR, THE

Biter Bit,

Compos'd With THREE SONGS.

1*st*. The falſe hearted Sailor, who promiſed a Maid Marriage, and when got her with Child left her, at length to fit him diſguiſed in Habit ſhe preſented him with a Basket, ſaying there was Eggs in it, not knowing her as he thought gave her the ſlip, when the Baket was open'd inſtead of Eggs he found Wax-work alive, Daddys own Noſe, Baſtard of his own Begetting, which Piece of Engliſh Clock-work coſt the Sailor Forty Pounds to get rid of it.

2*d*. The three Goſſips of Lime-houſe, who one day over a of Pot Ale and Stout, held a great diſpute of their Daughters honeſty, and at laſt was all found to be Cracks, I mean graze Widdows, and Thornbacks.

3*d*. Love try'd by a Fancy: Or, the Doubting Lady reſtor'd to Joy.

Licenſed according to Order.

Printed for *Sean Cook*, in *Southwark*.

Luck in a Basket, &c.

1*ſt*. Song. Tune of, *Molly, Molly*, &c

ALL you that plough the foaming Ocean,
draw near and liſten unto me,
And I will tell you of a Portion,
that fell to one which us'd the Sea.
One Day two Sailors was awalking,
in *Debtford* Fields well lin'd with Gold,
And as they went together talking,
a Woman there they did behold.
With a Lap tuck'd up and a great Basket,
and this poor Woman for to eaſe,
To carry that Load one of them asked,
her anſwer was yes, If you pleaſe.
She ſaid young Man I do not know thee,
my Basket's full of Eggs take care;
And if you chance for to out go me,
at Halfway-houſe pray leave it there.
Away they went both fill'd with Laughter,
and as it is ſo underſtood;
She at a diſtance follow'd after
diſguis'd then in her Riding-hood:
Thoſe Sailors for to bite the Biter;
the Halfway-houſe they paſſed by:
To ſee the Fun ſhe ſtept the lighter,
and ſtill upon them had an Eye;
They turn'd about and look'd upon her,
but did not know her in diſguiſe:
They ſaid ſhe's loſt we have out gone her,
'tis all our own we have gain'd the prize.

Wha

When come to Quarters they believed
that they had loſt her in the field,
Being diſguis'd, they were deceived
for ſhe was then juſt at their Heels:
And drinking of a Pint or Purl
ſhe heard them Laugh at what was done;
One ſaid, what Fools are there in this World,
on her we have put a clever Fun:
They ſaid Landlady bring ſome Bacon,
here's Eggs enough we'll have ſome dreſt;
But theſe poor Sailors was miſtaken;
as you will ſay when heard the Jeſt:
The Basket then was open'd nimble,
and going to divide the Spoil;
To ſpeak the truth and not diſſemble,
inſtead of Eggs there was a Child.
The Landlord ſaid inſtead of Cooking
of Eggs and Bacon, Boys you ſee,
Out for a Nurſe you muſt be looking,
now by this Woman fund you be.
One ſaid by me this Jade was pitty'd,
I took it for to eaſe her pain;
But like a Fool i'm finely fitted,
I have a Baſtard to maintain:
He curſt and ſwore in a great Paſſion
at which they all laugh'd heartily:
And ſaid, dropt Children are in faſhion;
this Jobb will coſt the Purſe of thee.
And as he in a fret ſtood pleading,
Luck in a Basket loud did cry;
He ſaid my Come by chance wants feeding:
a pretty ſinging Bird have I.
Since 'tis a thing can't be prevented,
to fret 'twill not be worth my while,

As I am fun'd I'le be contented
to give Forty Pounds with this Child.
This Woman was the Babes own Mother;
not knowing her, ſhe being there;
She took the Babe before another,
the Sailor ſaid of it take care:
She ſaid I will be very tender,
great love unto it ſhall be ſhown,
With that the Sailor did commend her,
and ſaid the Money is all thy own:
Witneſs being there to ſee this Action,
ſhe ſaid, I hope I may be free
To ſpeak the Truth for Satisfaction;
the Father of this Child you be.
Twelve Months ago come the next Eaſter,
marriage to me you did profeſs;
But you was falſe and prov'd a Jeſter,
and left me ſighing in diſtreſs:
You now are catcht and well deſerve it,
this Infant is both thine and mine;
I being poor was loath to ſtarve it,
to drop it that was my deſign.
His anſwer was, art thou that *Nancy*
with whom I danc'd and ſo betray'd?
She anſwer'd yes, *and for a Fancy*
at laſt the Fidler you have Paid.
And I do think if not miſtaken
thou haſt paid Sauſe for Eggs; I ſwear,
Though long, at laſt by me thou art taken
Napping as old Moſs *catcht his Mare.*
Then Babe and Chink away ſhe brought it,
ſeeing the Basket there, he ſwore,
A Child in that who would have thought it,
I never ſhall love Eggs no more.

2d. To the Tune of, *The Mill goes Clack, &c.*

THrough Lime-houſe as I was going one Day,
I into an Ale-houſe went my way;
There three Old Women I chanc'd to eſpy,
One was the Landlady, ſinging Lulaby,
By, by.
The Second of them was Old Goſſip Chick;
The Third Granne Piper, who Cinders pick,
Theſe three old Goſſips was drinking of Stout:
And this was the Story they Cuff'd about.
The Landlady ſaid twelve Months ago,
There was a Sailor that did Love ſhow
To my Daughter *Kate*, and ſaid he Lov'd her well,
But what they did together I dare not tell:
And when he had done what he could do,
From her to the Seas away he flew,
Now this is all I have got by the play,
I'm forc'd to ſing Lulaby Night and Day
Day, Day.
Then Old Goſſip Chick with her high crown'd hat,
She in this manner began her chat,
There was a Sailor that came from the Sea,
And for Eleven Weeks time he Lodged with me;
And as I am a Woman within that while,
Three Daughters of mine he got with Child,
Now he is gone and left us the Lord knows where
To think of this it fills my Heart with care.
You have but one Brat in your Ears for to cry,
the birth of my daughters brats now draws nigh,
and when th[illegible] Born like Birds in the Spring,
thoſe Baſtar[illegible]y Ears day and night will ſing:
Then Old G[illegible]e Piper ſpoke up and did ſay,
I had two D[illegible]ghters the other Day;
they both in one Month fell down in the ſtraw,
the Father of thoſe Brats I never ſaw.

And now they are both again with Child,
By a valiant Soldier that came from Liſle,
Having ſtorm'd their Caſtle away he is got,
His Bandileers, thoſe Baſtards will fall to my Lot.
Quoth, Old Goſſip Chick now by this I ſee,
In one Diſtemper we all ſick be,
To chear our Hearts if the Liquor be out,
To fill t'other Pot with good Ale and Stout:
This Pot ſoon was fill'd and when brought in,
Goſſip Chick this Story did begin;
Come let us Drink and not our Daughters blame,
For when we was young we all did the ſame:
Neighbour that is true the others reply'd,
Therefore we'll the better be ſatisfy'd;
If the Pot is out fill a Pint of right Nantz,
And then we will e'ry one have a Dance.
Who has to do with it, the Landlady ſaid
This treat ſhall be mine the Reckoning is paid.
With that Granne Piper to Dance did begin,
And like a Caſtle-top round the Room did Spin.
At Night theſe Goſſips did part with a Song,
Old Granne Piper went Dancing along:
What brave Companions are Brandy and Stout,
It makes old Women Sing and Jump about.

3d. *Love try'd by a Fancy; Or, the Doubting Lady reſtor'd to Joy.*

Tune of, *From the Iſle of White*, &c.

BEhold my deareſt Dear, now that ſound I hear,
of warlike Drums, now rattling too and fro,
Calling ſuch as me now to go to Sea,
For to ſerve the Queen and I muſt go:
She ſaid a Lady Bright in you takes delight,
And great Love to her you do pretend,

If

your Love be true my dear how can you,
o and leave me your true Boſom friend;
y the Wars you ſee, many objects be,
ithout their Legs and Arms, and ſome ſtone blind
Looking very poor, Love thee art not ſure,
But one of theſe Lots it may be thine:
He ſaid mind what I ſay, if at home I ſtay,
I ſhall never come to Honour ſure,
Lazy Men I know, and faint Hearts Alſo,
'Tis obſery'd they commonly are poor;
Gold and Silver bright, both has took their flight,
And left me like a Mecannick now;
As I am well Bred, it ſhall ne'er be ſaid,
I will ſtay here for to Cringe and Bow.
If that be your excuſe, ſhe ſaid, I have at uſe,
Ten Thouſand Pounds all ready at my call,
Stay at home with me, and my Love ſhall ſee,
I'll have it in and give it to thee all.
To try her Love again, he ſaid you ſtrive in vain,
Unto the Wars i'll go, and ſo farewel:
When gone out of ſight this young Lady bright,
Fetch'd a ſigh and into Tears ſhe fell;
Crying ſince he is gone, whom I doted on,
My tender Heart it will aſunder Break,
Whether by Sea or Land, let him underſtand,
My troubled Spirit ſhall him overtake.

Part Second.

THE Second Part will ſhow, he from her did go,
To try whether her Love was Cold or Hot,
In Fortnight then, he return'd again;
Being in diſguiſe ſhe knew him not.
Dreſt in Sailor's Weed, this young man indeed,
Gave a Letter into her own Hand,
At thoſe Lines ſhe read, found that he was dead,
Which ſad Tydings put her to a ſtand.

She

She ſigh'd and cry'd amain, if my Love is ſlain
My ſwift Spirit ſhall be with him ſoon,
Like a blooming Flower, in a blaſting ſhower,
My morning Sun, it ſhall go down at Noon.
Farewel all joys, ſaid ſhe, Love I come to thee;
To make haſte the neareſt way I'll find,
Then to end the ſtrife, out ſhe pull'd a Knife;
Going to ſtobb herſelf, he was ſo kind
To prevent the ſtroke; and thus to her ſpoke,
Hold thy Hand, I am thy Love he cry'd,
Now by this I ſee, your Love's true to me,
And with ſpeed I will make thee my Bride.
Like one much amaz'd, ſhe upon him gaz'd,
Crying, bleſſed be the Lord above,
He that gives me Breath, freed me now from death
And reſtor'd to me, my deareſt Love.
They with Kiſſes ſweet, did each other greet,
And was married to each one's content,
Very rich are they, and as many ſay,
He's a Merchant, near the Monument.

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FINIS.